

Equinox

by PandaLvr99

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Summary: Jack Frost always felt a void were his heart should have been. After revealing more of his memories, he realizes what he's missing, is the boy whom he'd loved all that time ago. But Hiccup's been gone for centuries, hasn't he? With the Bennet's relative coming to visit, Jack's not too sure. Is it merely his obsession? Hijack. Rated T Just in case. May be raised later.

## 1. Memories of a Lonely Spirit

If Jack Frost knew anything about loneliness, it was that no one deserved to experience the sickening and painful feeling that it was. It was darkness. Not just void of light, but pitch black with dread. Dread and misery. It was the emptiness felt in your chest that nothing but companionship could ever fill. It was knowing that, in fact, no one in the world gave a damn about your existence. It was depression, and learning how to mask it. This particular boy had endured this particular feeling his entire life. Well, his entire life as Jack Frost. Three hundred years.

The first time Jackson Overland laid eyes on the wiry frame of Hiccup Haddock III, was surly not coincidentally the first time he had felt his hardened heart skip. The sullen feeling of leaving his home, his family, and his friends, had disappeared the moment he stepped into Berk. Seeing a small teenage boy stumbling around with two large buckets of water, easily twice his weight had caused his heart to go into hyper drive. But he was Jack Frost now. The silly little fish bone, his one true love, was gone.

The winter spirit let out a long sigh as he tightrope walked across the power lines, his shepherd-like staff balanced on his shoulders and outstretched arms. Stars glimmering above his head, beautiful jewels laid against the black of the night, refusing to be washed out by the city lights seen from afar. Now wasn't exactly the time to be dwelling in the past, he decided. What was it now? Over 300 years?

The boy chuckled sadly to himself, sitting down on the nearest rooftop and dangling his legs over the side.

Yetâ€¦ Why shouldn't he dwell on the subject? Jack pondered the thought for a moment. It \_had\_ been two hundred years of denying the unknown pain in his chest, and he had only just discovered why he felt this way, (Other than the fact that no one could freaking \_see\_ him, nor even believed in him,) so why not? He lay down and brought a colorful cylinder out of his pocket, slowly raising a hand to open it for one sweet, nearly faded memory. He sighed once again, watching the assortment of colorful patterned diamonds dance across his vision.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey, Jackson!"<p>

The teen lifted his head to the sound of his name, only to receive a face full of snow. He glared in the direction of the corporate, but his expression softened when he spotted the small freckled brunette, not five feet away. The guilty boy looked towards the sky, quickly raising his hands behind his head and side stepping in the opposite direction. Jackson smirked at the amusing scene, and carefully bent down to pick up two fistfuls of snow. Hiccup had his back turned, facing the recently arrived Night Fury (of which Jackson insisted wanted him dead, but Hiccup denied this,) so the mischievous boy tiptoed closer and closer, until-

\*SPLASH\*

Of course Hiccup had known Jackson would try to pull a counter attack, so he took it upon himself to drench the older male with a bucket of water. The younger leaned against Toothless, hand over his mouth to try and sustain the uncontrollable chuckles daring to erupt.

"Oops." Hiccup smirked, as Jackson held out his arms to shake them slowly, showing how much water had soaked into his shirt. He glared at the small Viking walking towards him, and held the expression as said boy reached over to brush of some of the frost starting to form on Jackson's clothes. "Didn't see you there, Overland."

"You little sh-" His words were muffled by the feeling of soft lips pressed against his. Without a complaint, he wrapped his arms around the smaller boy's waist, and savored the warmth that was Hiccup.

\* \* \*

><p>Jack's eyes slowly opened, releasing a stream of tears down his pale face. He brought his knees up to his chest and hugged them tightly, clenching the container in his hands. Slowly, he glanced up at the full moon in the sky and a sad smile crept onto his lips.<p>

"Hey Manny.." his voice cracked, much to his embarrassment, but he continued, "You know that saying, 'It's better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all?' Well, Sometimesâ€¦ I completely disagree. I almost liked it better when I had this cavity in my heart, and never knew what it was. I had always thought it was just my sadness of being unseen. Butâ€¦" He chuckled softly and shook

his head, "When I opened that tooth capsule the second time.. I remembered him.."

"Geeze, what a drama queen. You are aware that you look pretty loony talking to yourself like that, Frost."

Jack jumped to his feet, startled by the sudden second voice, half expecting the Man in the Moon to finally be answering one of his long ramblings. Unfortunately, something a little more irritating had appeared instead. He rolled his eyes dramatically, and turned to face his unexpected company. What appeared to be a teenage girl, sat cross-legged on the same roof as Jack, not two feet behind him. She was dressed in a graphic t-shirt along with a pair of baggy camo pants, and her combat boots seemed dirtied and worn. Piercings dotted her slightly tanned face, giving her a, 'Don't Fuck with me,' vibe. How had he not heard her coming?

"Jesus Pends!" He scowled, making the girl giggle childishly, "There are other ways to get people's attention other than, say, scaring them half to death."

"Well lucky for me, you're not a person, and you can't exactly die." She sighed and stretched out a pair of elegant eagle wings from her back. "You're a Guardian." Her face turned to one of disgust at the word. Jack rolled his eyes again.

"Thanks for reminding me." He walked over and sat down, shoving her arm playfully. She smiled and locked her eyes with his.

"But seriously. I came to make sure you were okay. Tooth said something about-"

"Yeah I'm fine." He answered all too quickly, avoiding the girl's gaze by examining the box he still held. "Just been thinking aboutâ€¦" He trailed off and hung his head. Penda looked over sympathetically.

"Maybe you shouldn't keep opening that thing if it makes you feel like this twenty-four seven."

"But I have to." Jack whispered, "Now it hurts not to remember. Not to know everything about what we were before."

"Well.." Penda pursed her lips. "We all have the will to love. Before you met that boy, you didn't believe that. You thought that you were an exception. Yet you had just enough in you, that when you saw him, everything was instantaneously better, right?"

"Right." The winter spirit murmured.

"So why isn't that enough? I'll tell you why. We are given the freedom to love, but it always, always, comes with a price." Jack scoffed in response to the statement.

"Leave it to you to find a connection with freedom among all of this. Self-centered, much?"

"Hey, freedom has everything to do with love." The girl smiled brightly, "That's why Cupid and I are best friends."

"What!?" Jack put a hand over his heart. Penda shoved his arm forcefully and smirked.

"Oh shut up. Fine. Second best friend." She giggled at his over dramatically joyed expression. Her's turned serious again. "It'll all turn out. Okay?"

The boy smiled sadly. "Kay. Thanks. Miss Independence."

"What's with the miss?"

"Just seems weird to call you by your full name without making fun of it."

"Fair enough." She shrugged. They both stood, and Jack reached over to pull her in for a tight hug.

"But really, thanks." He muttered into her long black hair.

"Don't mention it, squirt." Penda pulled away and ruffled his hair. "How 'bout we go visit Jamie and the others tomorrow, yeah?"

"Sure!" He exclaimed enthusiastically. Jack's smile grew as he remembered the awesome kids he had met not that long ago. Him and Pends visited them occasionally, but tried to keep it quiet from North and the other Guardians. Heaven knows what rules they were breaking. Then again, what do you expect when you see a guardian of fun along with a spirit of freedom?

## 2. Hearts to be Mended

**\*\*A/N:** Whoa, WHAT? People are actually READING this? I can not tell you how happy this makes me you guys. Thank you, thank you, thank you, leave a review, follow/favorite, (it helps a lazy bum update!) THANK YOUUU ^.^ \*\*

**\*\*P.S.** Before all the confusion starts, Sebastian, (the character I will be introducing in this chapter,) his name is pronounced 'seh-bah-stian.' Bah, like.. Ball. I don't really know how else to explain it XD Oh, and expect earlier updates. I need to work on that!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Love is unfair. Love is unnecessary, heartbreaking, terrible and cruel. Love is all horrid things crushed and packed into one belief. The question is though, is it worth the pain? Because buried beneath all the hate and gore, is something so overwhelmingly beautiful that most can't even comprehend it's magnificence. It's striking gold after years of digging and sifting, it's that one small yet bright glow among the blackest of skies, it's finding that feeling inside your self that you were sure could never exist so strongly. It was there, and it was sickening yet gorgeous.<p>

Jack didn't know whether to feel fortunate or less for the blessing, (and/or curse,) that had been bestowed upon his fragile heart. He knew it was the right thing to do, opening that container, but... was the right thing the best thing?

He tossed all of these sappy, (though emotionally effective,) thoughts into the back of his mind, dreading the moment they would be brought back, but anticipating the moments soon to come.

"Guys, it's Jack!" The small Bennet boy's face lit up at the sight of the winter spirit approaching.

His friends surrounded him, eyes bright and smiles priceless. Jack landed swiftly, immediately running his staff along the ground, creating snowballs in its wake. As the battle began, he spotted Pends not too far away, giving Sophie a ride a couple of feet in the air. He quickly gestured her in, and they both quickly joined in on Jamie's team.

After an hour or so, the snow war turned into a snowman competition. Jamie, Sophie, and Jack started to roll out the bottom, the middle, and the they got the main shape, conversation began as they worked on the details.

"It's so cool that your actually a guardian now, Jack!" Jamie exclaimed as he searched for any sticks that would resemble arms at any extent, "What do you like, do, exactly?"

"Well.." Jack scratched the back of his neck. " Basically I now have a limit on school days per city. Which blows. Plus it's pretty tiring considering I have certain deadlines concerning when and where it needs to be cold and/or snow, but," he shrugged, a smirk plating at his lips, "I'm not exactly one to follow the rules, am I?"

Jamie giggled in response and shook his head. A few minutes later, he instructed his younger sister to go into the house and search the fridge for something to help sculpt the face.

"Oh!" The older Bennet exclaimed, a bright smile filling his features, "I forgot to tell you! My cousin is coming this week!" Jack grinned warmly at the boy's excitement.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!" Jamie bounced a little, clearly excited for this mysterious cousin of his to show up. "His name is Sebastian, and he's moving here to stay with us until he can afford to be completely on his own. He's traveling all the way from Norway!" his heart skipped slightly, but Jack chuckled, packing the snow around the snowman's middle.

"Is that so? Where exactly in Norway?"

"This little old town called Berk." And at that, Jack froze, turning to stare wide-eyed at the boy.

"...Berk?" He squeaked. Jamie raised a brow.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's what it was called. Why?"

"Uh.." Jack cleared his throat, "No reason. Just an old friend that used to live there." He smiled reassuringly as Sophie rushed out with a few assorted fruits and vegetables. "Right!" He clapped his hands together, "Let's do this!"

The long fun-filled day had ended with Penda, Cupcake and Pippa

winning the contest, (along with a series exaggerated complaints from Jack,) and parents calling in their children for the two spirits flew in a comfortable silence through the crimson sky. The only interruption would be the sudden portal developing straight down the direct path of flight. Attempting to stop short and avoid the speeding sleigh, Jack's collar ended up getting snatched by a yeti. Once, thrown onto one of the seats along with his companion, (Of which had a heck of a time scolding the yetis about damaging her proudly worn wings,) and they had soon arrived at the pole. North welcomed them into his large castle, leading them towards his decently sized, (and decorated,) office.

"Welcome, children!" His voice boomed across the room in his strong Russian accent.

"Don't kid yourself, North." Penda tucked her wings under her jacket, hiding them completely, "We all know who's the elder here."

"Ah, but not so much in appearance, da?"

"Yeah yeah." She rolled her eyes as Jack chuckled at the oddly structured conversation, and picked up one of the Russian's frozen knick-knacks. "Now explain why I was kidnapped."

"HAH! Kidnapped? Not so much. Jack was brought here for hearing, we thought you might get worried if you were left behind in middle of sky." A mumbled, 'duh' was heard before Jack raised a brow at the older Guardian.

"Hearing? For what?"

North crossed his large tattooed arms and glanced down at the youngest of the three. "Do I need to remind you of incident in loopdy-loops?"

"Everyone here is loopdy-loop." Penda grumbled, mocking a Russian accent as she took a seat in North's ginormous chair. The other two ignored her.

"Ohh Yeah.." Jack rubbed the back of his neck and directed his gaze to the floor, "Heh.. Sorry 'bout that one.. I was just.. Having a little.. Fun?"

"This excuse is not acceptable, Jack." North stated, an adoring smile planted on his jolly face, "Not this time. Now must I gather Yetis, or will you clean up mess with out question?"

"Well," The winter spirit sighed. "I wouldn't want to see Phil's reaction to this. Alright. I'll get started."

"Great news!" North turned to face the door, ushering them out of his office. "Oh, and Jack?" The boy turned to face him, "You must complete task by self. No help." With a annoyed groan from Jack and a chuckle from both the man and Penda, Jack set off to reconstruct his mess.

\* \* \*

><p>A cold chill ran through Berk, making Sebastian shiver under his thick layer of clothing. Thank the Gods he was moving out of this

forsaken place. Don't get me wrong, He had grown up here, this was his hometown, and he had so many memories. Though it sucked that most of them were just as bad as the weather.<p>

For the majority of his childhood, Sebastian lived with his great uncle in a run-down apartment built above their shop. Working there had provided him with enough money to finally move out, because he seriously needed to get out of this old, depressing small town. There was something that didn't feel right here, and when he heard that his other aunt, Stephanie Bennett, had moved to Burgess some time ago, he felt drawn to the place instantly.

When he was younger, he had spent a great deal of time with Stephanie, so they had been pretty close. She comforted him when his parents died, she provided for him, and he'd stayed with her until she moved to be with her fiance', leaving him in the "care" of great uncle Mildew, (although Sebastian was convinced there were a few more 'great's tacked in front of the name.) As soon as the boy had turned twelve, Mildew had started to make Seb work in the shop to pay him rent and food supply.

So, after a lot of careful planning and saving, the lanky brunette called Steph a few months ahead of time, and was now watching his two large suitcases and one backpack being loaded into the plane's storage area. Mildew merely nodded a farewell before Seb climbed up the stairs and sat down in his empty seat, letting out a long, relieved sigh. He brought out his iPod and headphones, setting the small speakers over his ears and leaning back in his seat. After a few songs, his eyes started to droop shut into a comfortable sleep for the first time in years.

The plane ride dragged on, and after many sodas snacks naps, and a series of sad excuses for movies, they landed in a town not far from Burgess. Stephanie was already there, and gave him a tight hug. He smiled as they hopped into her car, happily listening to her ramble about how tall he had gotten, how grown up he looked, and answered all of her questions. Yes, he'd been eating, No, Mildew didn't leave him on the streets. He had gotten his braces removed when he was twelve, and needed glasses by age thirteen. The questions were simple, but they meant the world to him. No one ever took interest in him, (Why would they, I'm not so interesting, he thought,) so hearing Steph babble enthusiastically plastered a wide grin on the boy's face.

Not to much longer, they arrived at the Bennet's house, only For Seb to get rushed and tackled by the two younger kids. He never did have younger siblings, but Jamie and Soeph were the closest things he'd ever had. He mentioned work to pay off rent, but Steph waved a hand and stated that the notion was nonsense. She would only let him pay landowners, not family. Unfamiliar, (but very great full,) with the gesture, the teen smiled genuinely, thanked her about a million times within the hour, and settled into the small guest room upstairs.

The next day, Seb discovered just how loud the house could get when you weren't alone. So politely informing his Aunt that he was going to familiarize himself with the town, he grabbed his sketch book in his backpack along with his laptop, and headed out the door. If he remembered correctly, last time he had visited, him and Steph had walked downtown to a coffee shop a few years back. They probably had free wifi. Seb snorted and rolled his eyes at himself. Wasn't that

the worry of this generation? Wifi connection? Dear Gods, this is what the world is turning to.

Finally reaching the shop, (after a lot of embarrassing twists and redirection,) he ordered a coffee, sat himself beside a large window, and placed his sketchbook on the table. He flipped through drawings, ranging from landscape to animals and people, but the majority of the sketches, were made up of dragons. The freckled teen did feel a bit childish with the obsession of his, but the creatures drew an interest that he himself could never explain. They were deadly but grace full. Harsh but Noble. Silent yet heard. Listening to his thoughts drift this way caused him to yet again roll his eyes at himself. Hopeless, that's what I am, he decided.

\* \* \*

><p>Penda stormed down the side walk, furious. She entered the cafe', an angry vibe following. She went up to the counter and slammed a news paper down on the glass, (surprisingly nothing broke.) The man working the register barely looked up from his book.<p>

"What the hell Jason!" She growled, gaining a few odd looks from the other customers."You selfish bastard, I want the money back. Now."

He simply shrugged. "No. I earned it. therefor, I keep it."

The rage in the girls expression was absolutely unmistakable, snapping the man's cool expression just by a little. She was about to go off about the matter, when she stopped to stare at the figure by the nearest window. "Ah.. Jason.. I'll get back to you on this.." She ignored his confused expression to take a few steps closer to the window, mentally encouraging the boy by the window to turn around. She prepared for disappointment, because it couldn't be.. It wasn't possible... Then the auburn haired head turned from the window pane, and Penda's eyes grew wide, not caring about her probably silly looking shocked expression. No. Fucking. Way.

\*\*A/N: PHEW. \*collapses\* Sorry about the time jumps, those will probably lessen as the story calms down a bit, (as much as a Hijack story can "Calm Down" at least. Teehee.) Anyways. Thanks for reading, Review? Follow? Favorite? Pahleaaase? ^u^ \*\*

### 3. No Time For Love

\*\*A/M: I'M SORRY, I AM SO SO SORRY YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW, UGHHHH. I take foreverrrrr! Plus school just started, and homework, and people, and my cat is walking in front of the screen, and Homecoming is coming up, and guys I don't wanna wear a dreeeeess DDD: AND may I just say guys, love sucks. It suuucks. FML.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>A young woman skipped down the path carved into the peaceful forest, the trees acting as a canopy to block out the sun, only small bright rays sneaking through the gaps of rich green. Her wavy blonde hair swished behind her, a bow and arrows slung carelessly in a bag over her shoulder. A smirk plastered across her slightly freckled face, red eyes glowing with excitement, and something of pride. An



unseen voice cleared its throat, stopping the woman sort to turn in the direction of the sound. A tall lean man stepped out of the shadows, wearing a elegant suit to match his perfectly styled slick grey hair. Aged dull grey eyes peered down, half lidded, at the slightly shorter girl.<p>

"Father Time!" She exclaimed, slightly nervous. "What brings you to my domain?"

"I think you know what, Cupid. I believe you have something of mine?" The old man reached forward and held out his hand. Cupid's face paled, and she turned to run. With a flick of the man's wrist, she froze mid-run. "Now." He smiled. "Let's try this again."

\* \* \*

><p>Of course Seb had heard the commotion up front, he just chose to ignore it. He had expected the other people in the cafe to at least look up from whatever they were doing in response to the outburst, but they sat and continued normally as if it were a regular occasion. It was only when the screaming girl stopped to gape at himâ€| Well then it got a little uncomfortable. He glanced up at her, then behind him, and back at her.<p>

"Uhh," He cleared his throat. "Can I... Help you?"

The fazed girl blinked shook her head a couple of times. "Oh, ahh, sorry. You justâ€| look very much like... a close friend of mine.." She stared at him with her head tilted, as is trying to configure a complicated puzzle. "Weird.." She murmured.

Right as Seb was about to comment, a thick sheet of ice coated the window in thick sheets, as if frost were suddenly layered across the space. The girl looked out, and let out a frustrated groan.

"Now?! UGH. I'll.. " She turned to Seb again and gave a short wave. "See yah around." She shot one last glare to Jason behind the counter, and ran outside, shouting at someone at the top of her lungs to, "Cut it out already, before people notice."

Jason sighed, shaking his head and turned to Seb, who was certainly confused beyond belief. "A real character, she is."

"Who was she?" Seb pushed his glasses up, still watching the door that the mysterious girl had stormed out of. The cashier gave him a puzzling look.

"You don't know Pends?" The brunette shook his head. "Ah. Well, you must be new. Everyone around here knows her. She runs Overland Park, really nice place. She's pretty damn nuts, but cool. Unless you get on her bad side.." The man shuttered.

"What was she going on about, might I ask?"

Jason shrugged. "Not important. Just don't piss her off, she'll seem a bit more sane that way. Don't go and start falling for her though. I warn you, she's not one to date or be dated."

Seb chuckled. "Pretty sure you won't have to worry about that.."

\* \* \*

><p>"JACK I SWEAR, GET YOUR SKINNY ASS OVER HERE." Penda stomped around, trying to follow Jack. She couldn't exactly take off at the moment, because when she did she would disappear from human sight. Literally. So she shamelessly appeared insane, shouting Jack's name into the air at random times. People had gotten used to it though, it's just what she did. The female spirit stopped under a tree Jack was currently perched on , and glared up. "Have you even finished construction?"<p>

Jack threw his head back dramatically. "Ughhh! It's so boring!"

"Boring or not, you still have to do it." Penda mumbled. Then she remembered. "Dude! I just saw someone in the cafe. He looks freaking exactly like-" She got cut off by a portal opening just under the tree, sparkling colors swirling around a pure glowing white space directly in the center. Jack yelped as a very yeti-looking arm shot up and grabbed him by the ankle. In an instant, he was pulled in, and gone. "Well then." she shrugged. "Maybe later."

The spirit began to walk down the cracked and worn down road, hands in the pockets of her zipper-covered leather jacket. What would Jack have done if she had told him? Would he freak out? Would he hurl himself into even further depression? That was definitely possible. Should she? Should she even tell him at all? It might just hurt him even more. Then again, maybe he just needed closure. If he saw that boy in the cafe, would it give him reassurance? Or just false hope?

Penda shook her head and checked the time on her phone. In about half an hour , she was going to have dinner with the Bennetts, (being the official babysitter for Jamie and Sophie, Steph invited her over frequently.) 'Might as well head over there now,' She thought, taking a different direction down the street.

The sun had just started to set, rays of gold pooling over the town, giving it a familiar comfortable aura. The snow reflected the various shades of reds, pinks and oranges, causing everything to glimmer and shine, like microscopic diamonds had been scattered about the ground and rooftops. buildings rose unevenly about the streets, street lamps beginning to flicker to life as the sun lowered itself further. There was something calming about the town, as if love itself had been born and raised here, taking it's first steps until it learned to run, then was sent to spread it's sorrow and joy across the world. Maybe it only seemed that way because Penda had experienced love at it's finest right here in this small town. She laughed quietly to herself as she recalled the beginning of it all.

"Jackson, I swear, if you throw that Gods forsaken snowball at me, I will have to bash your face in." The pale girl sat cross legged on the ground, her long black hair pinned out of her face as she stitched a hole in her boots closed. The boy behind her frowned and threw the cold ball to the side.

"Awh, Come on Frihet\*!" Jack plopped down cross-legged on the ground beside her, pouting like a child. "You're no fun."

"I am plenty fun." The girl shrugged, reaching over to ruffle his

shaggy brown hair. "I just don't enjoy getting pelted with sloppy ice orbs."

"Fair enough." Jackson laughed, but the joyful sound died down as a figure walked past the two. "Fri? Who.. who is that?"

"Him? Oh, that's Hiccup. He works as a blacksmith apprentice. He also helped train all the dragons in Berk. Even started the whole practice, he did."

Hiccup's face was practically buried into his book, lips moving along silently with his mind, eyebrows knitted together in concentration. Frihet looked back and forth between the two boys, noticing Jack's gaze directed towards the smaller boy. She smirked and poked at his cheek.

"Jack loves the dragon rider~" She sang, teasing. Jack's face flushed a bright pink, and he shook his head quickly.

"N-no!" He swatted her away, flustered.

"Just go talk to him." Her head twitched in the direction where Hiccup had sat down on a bench.

"I will talk to him! ..Eventually."

Frihet sighed. "Getting your axe sharpened every morning at the blacksmith's does not count as regular conversation. Yeah, that's right, I know your logic. "

"No! I- .. It does too count." Jackson rested his head on his arms folded over his legs, and continued to stare at the freckled boy longingly. "What would I even say to someone that beautiful?"

Penda blinked back to the present, finding herself in front of Stephanie's door. She smiled sadly, and rang the doorbell.

\* \* \*

><p>Seb began to pack up his things just as his Aunt had texted him, telling him it was time for dinner. His mind frequently drifted to that.. what was her name? Panda? Penda? Whatever. She seemed to recognize him immediately, never taking her eye off him, but not in a weird way. It was like&#160; Well he didn't exactly know.<p>

Did she know him? He was pretty sure they'd never met, but something seemed... Almost familiar about her. He shook his head and walked up the short driveway. The sun had just lowered when he stepped inside. He stopped short when he entered the kitchen, recognizing the figure standing and laughing with Steph. His aunt turned to him and smiled.

"Oh there he is! Sebastian, this is my friend, Independence."

"Penda's fine." The girl smirked, "But you knew that. I knew I said that I'd see you around squirt, but I didn't expect \_you'd\_ be Steph's famous little nephew." She chuckled, "Might have acted a little less like I was completely crazy."

Seb blinked and shook his head. This was going to be a rather awkward dinner.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>\*Frihet is Norwegian for "Freedom." Who's smart? I AM.<strong>

\*\*A/N: Alright! That's all I have for tonight. Again, sorry for the delay! But seriously, If you desire quicker updates, PLEASE. REVIEW. FAVORITE. FOLLOW. WHATEVER. PLEASE. It will seriously help me update faster.\*\*

#### 4. AUTHOR'S NOTE

\*\*THIS IS AN AUTHOR'S NOTE\*\*

\*\*Hey you guys! So, I'm honestly not getting a lot of feed back on this story, so I'm leaning towards the idea that.. welll... that it sucks. Sooo, if you could, please set a review on this note and tell me if I should continue with this. I'm feeling pretty low on confidence with this one, SOOO yes, if you enjoy it, please let me know, or this fic will come to an abrupt end. Thanks!\*\*

~Panda

#### 5. Love Cheats

\*\*Sorry this one took a lil' longer, but school and stuff. And people. Ugh. People. But seriously, whoa you guys! :D You really like this? I can't thank you enough for all the pretty lil' reviews you've been leaving! The support is seriously fueling my ability to write more, so lets try this out. I love you guys, every single one of you! 3\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Cupid's eyes were wide with fear, unable to speak due to the numb and sealed feeling in her lips. The old man who had drug her to the dark damp cellar sat a few feet away, one hand to his chin as he sat on an old wooden stool. A Great Grandfather clock ticked in time in the background, echoing off of the cold stone walls.<p>

"Now Cupid," He started calmly, "You know what you did, my dear. You know just as well as I do that it was against the rules. We can't have that, can we? First things first, I would like to ask for my artifact back, please." He held out his hand, and from beneath the girls collar, rose a golden stop watch. It floated it's way to Father Time's palm, and came to rest in the center. "There we are." He smiled, and tucked the watch under his jacket, and waved his hand again.

The invisible bonds that held Cupid's mouth shut released, letting her take a huge breath, slightly panting afterwards. "What are going to do, Chronos?" She smirked, using his mortal-given name, "Reverse what I've done? You know it will destroy many already made bonds. You couldn't."

"Yes." Chronos smiled sickly, the wrinkles around his eyes and mouth giving him a sinister glower, "But I can make the love suffer. It was bound to happen eventually. Even if I can't kill either of them due to the bonds, the viking boy will weather off eventually. Over time." He chuckled at his own pun, "You obviously haven't thought this over, my dear. What will it do to Jack when his love grows old and forgets? When he grows up without him, when he can't see him any longer? Why, it will be worse than last time. You stupid girl."

Cupid's eyes grew in realization. "No." She whispered, "Iâ€¦ I only wanted to help. Now.. Oh what have I done..."

\* \* \*

><p>Dinner was about as uncomfortable as it could get. Well, for Seb anyways. Penda laughed and joked around with the Bennetts, but all the poor boy could do was try not to stare at the strange woman, and wonder what the hell she had meant earlier. He felt very conscious, because he could feel Penda's eyes on him every time he looked away. Of course he had experienced girls gazing at him before (because, like, hormones...), but he could tell there was none of <em>that <em>kind of admiration in this girl's stare. It was if she was observing him, trying to figure out an impossible puzzle. Quite frankly, it was freaking him the hell out. When topics were just about to run out, and dessert was being served, Steph mentioned Seb's offer he kept bringing up.

"Seriously Pends, Sebby here keeps insisting on paying us rent for letting him live here!"

"Awh, that's sweet though." Penda chuckled and glanced over at the boy.

"That's exactly what I thought, but get this. Mildew made him pay full rent. Just to live in his own home."

"Well, he did provide the job though.." Seb interrupted quietly, "He could've made me find a job on my own."

"Honey," Steph gave him a sad look, "He didn't even help you. You were practically paying the bills yourself! Then making you buy your own foodâ€¦ I'm sorry, but that's just inconceivable. You're only fifteen years old, for God's sake."

Seb shrugged. "It's how I grew up."

"Tell you what." Penda propped her elbows on the table, "If you're itchin' to find a place to work and earn your stay, you can come on over to my park if you'd like. I could always use a helping hand. There's extra rooms and everything." Penda couldn't believe what she was implying.

"I would hate to be a burden.." Seb rubbed his arm, looking down at his plate.

"Not at all." She smiled reassuringly at the boy, "Stop by tomorrow, I'll show you around a bit, and we'll see how you like it. Hows that sound?"

"Fine.. Awesome, actually. Thank you.."

"Of course." Penda gave him a soft look, "Anything for a friend."

Seb couldn't fall asleep that night. Something was eating at him, but he just couldn't tell what. He had begun to believe that he might possibly be feeling something for Penda, but the idea was cast out quickly. Girls weren't exactly the path he had chosen. He knew he was into guys the moment some chick at his old school tried to make a move on him. Didn't end too well.

So why the hell did he feel some sort of connection with this girl? It felt like he'd known her forever, like whenever they spoke he wanted to just tell her about his day, what he was feeling, or what was on his mind. Then there was that weird fact that at the cafe', when Penda ran out screaming at the air, he could have sworn he saw her chasing after something. Something flying about in the air. "What is wrong with me?" he groaned into his pillow, and continued on his attempt towards sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>Sebastian stood awkwardly in front of the old rusted park gates, not really sure what to do or where to go. Years of standing and weathering away overlapped the beautiful curved iron letters, "Overland" as they stared down from their height. He sighed, and started on the path that led up to the main office building. Upon entering, a small cheerful bell rung clearly through the air, and in an instant Panda swooped in front of him, a broad grin stretched across her face.<p>

"Hey Seb! Good to see you!" She lifted her water bottle, taking a long drink. She wore jogging clothes and an ipod holder around her waist.

"Actually, if you don't mind, I'm rather used to being called Hiccup." He murmured. Penda's eyes widened, and she turned away as water spewed from her mouth. Seb, or 'Hiccup,' raised an eyebrow as she started to cough a little. "Well gee, I knew it was a weird nickname, but I didn't think it was that funny."

It took a second for Penda to recover. "No, no! It's not that. Wrong pipe Uhh, how'd you get that nickname, might I ask?"

He shrugged. "Mildew. He said it was a tradition that ran through my runs are called 'Hiccups.' So it basically means I'm a mistake." He chuckled, "Haven't told Steph. She'd probably freak."

The girl laughed, "You're probably right. Well then Hiccup, are you ready for a little sightseeing?" She held out an arm, which Hiccup surprisingly instantly took.

Penda showed him around the basic areas. The food cart, picnic area, a small stream, rec center, a few peaceful clearings (where Hiccup couldn't help but think of as perfect painting areas), and finally, inside the main building. The entrance held a business-like desk and a couple couches in front of a two sided staircase. A door led from the front lobby into the kitchen, and another to the basement. Up the stairs was a long hallway that held four bedrooms and two bathrooms.

Penda turned to Hiccup, smiling.

"So what do you think, kid? Feel helping out around here?" She leaned against the desk, giving him a reassuring glance. He couldn't help but accept.

\* \* \*

><p>Jack wiped his brow, inspecting his work below. It wasn't exactly perfect, but it would hold. The damage hadn't been that bad. Or at least he didn't think so. He signaled Phil to get North. The old man came to inspect Jack's work, soon after patting the boy's back roughly and congratulating him on "job well done." Jack thanked him, and immediately left on his way to the park. He arrived soon enough, bursting through the front door and up the stairs into Penda's room. She sat on her bed, facing away from him.<p>

"I'm DONE." He dramatically flopped beside her on the bed, letting out an exasperated sigh.

"You could have knocked." She chuckled, sounding a bit congested, "Could've been naked in here. You probably wouldn't complain though, you pervert."

"Hah, you know that's not true, stupid." Jack smiled, then realized she couldn't be congested at all. Spirit's didn't get sick. "Hey, you alright?"

She turned to him, light tears streaming down her face. She smiled. "Don't worry, dork." She wiped her face, "I'm pretty sure their tears of joy."

Jack put a hand on her shoulder and smirked "Why? Did Jason get put on someone's death note or something?" Penda never cried. The only time he had ever witnessed it, was when she got involved with some human a century or two ago. It hadn't ended well.

She laughed again, "Nah, I wish." She bit her lip. "It'sâ€¦ Something else. Something I think You'd like maybe more than me."

Jack's expression turned to that of a child on Christmas morning. "Really? What is it?"

She paused, not sure if she should go through with it. "Go outside and look inside the window of the room across from mine. Do not go in, no matter what. Confront me first."

He gave her a confused look, "Um.. Okay."

Jack flew around the outside of the house, counting the windows. He finally managed to find the window Penda was talking about. He rubbed the glass for a clear view, then cupped his hands around his eyes as he glanced in. A figure was laying out a bed spread and unpacking some clothes.

\_ 'Oh.' \_ He thought. \_ 'She hired someone. Cool. But.. Why would she cry over it? It's just some guy helping her out. Hell, she doesn't even need help. Mother Nature helps her out with the park. So why would she...' \_

The figure turned, and Jack could have sworn he felt his immobile heart drop.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Don't kill me .\_. SOOO, there was my (belated,) update! A special thanks to xXkiraXo, HoneyBeeez, The Kelz, SwaggamuffinMooh, and of course the lovely AdrianAbyss for the gorgeous support! I love EVERY SINGLE PERSON who has favorited, followed, voted, reviewed, or even put in the time to read here! Thank you so much, and remember to always keep reviewing for more chapters to come!<strong>

\*\*P.S. I sorry but not really sorry about the death note reference. It had to be done XD\*\*

~Panda

## 6. The Painful Wait

\*\*And here we are again~ You guys are so prettyyyy \*throws glitter\*\*\*

\*\*It's thanksgiving break, what is sanity?\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Bare feet thumped against the stone path, already bleeding due to glass shards littered all around. Cupid's breath was visible as she ran, a trail of icy mist trailing behind her. The stone faded into a forest floor, covered by snow and frozen leaves. She sprinted faster and faster until she came upon a grand structure constructed of twisted branches and vines, woven to form a giant castle. The girl hurried through the front gates and down an assortment of hallways, stopping to catch her breath before walking swiftly into a large ball room. In the center, was a young woman, skin dark as the bark on the trees, and long shining black hair equivalent to the midnight sky. She sat cross-legged and eyes closed, face tilted towards the open ceiling.<p>

"Terra!" Cupid called, panic obviously showing through her voice.

The womans eyes shot open, revealing crystal blue irises that shimmered like a running stream. Her soft motherly lips lifted into a smile. "Ah, Venus. How are you? You're back so soon." she held up a hand, "Cupid. Sorry, I know you hate that."

"Terra, Chronos knows. He took back the watch."

A flash of fear hinted at Terra's features, but it was soon masked by a reassuring smile. "He can't do anything about it, dear. It's a fixed point in time now. We locked it, remember?"

"Yes, but.." Cupid bit her lip, "What were we thinking? Even if they do end up meeting again by that slim chance, and even if we do find a way for Hiccup to remember, he's going to grow old, forget Jack, and move on." Tears were beginning to drip down her chin.

Mother Earth wiped them away and tugged on the younger girl's sleeve



in a gesture telling her to sit. Cupid obeyed. "Now, now. Don't fret. I've thought this over. I'm glad you brought it up." She brushed back a hair from her face and blew out. "The only problem is, for it to work, we need to find a way to get Chronos agreeing with us this time."

\* \* \*

><p>'There.' Seb thought, tossing the last empty box to the side. 'Moving twice in one week. Thank Thor I didn't unload too much into Steph's house.' He got up off of the bed, only to have something next to him fall to the floor. He groaned and leaned to pick it up, finding the object to be something he had completely forgotten about. An old story book. He plopped down on the bed again, running his fingers over the cover. 'Jokul Frosti.' Seb's favorite bedtime story his mom used to read too him. It was about a mischievous ice spirit, in old norse legend. He knew the story word for word, and had always blamed the harsh weather of the town on the dreadful sprite. He chuckled and shook his head, placing the hardcover next to many others on the shelf Penda had loaned him for all of his books. Maybe a little part of him still wanted to believe. Maybe it was just him missing his mother. Seb shrugged, changed into his pajamas, lay down, and turned off the lamp by his bedside. A dream crept into his previously peaceful mind later that night..<p>

Seb was on an old raggedy couch, curled up into a ball next to someone while a small girl played with crudely stitched dolls made of cloth and hay. She looked up at whoever Seb was leaning into. The boy had shaggy brown hair, and golden-brown eyes that made Seb's breath hitch. The kid was gorgeous. \_And the guy's arm was around his waist.\_

"Jacksonnn.." The girl whined, tossing down the dolls dramatically. "You promised you would teach me to ice skate today!"

"Oh, did I?" The boy, 'Jackson,' bent down to pinch her nose with his thumb and forefinger, making her giggle.

"Yes you did, you big dummy!"

"Alright, alright." He chuckled and settled back into the couch. "Why don't you go and grab your ice skates quick, okay?"

She nodded and hurried up the stairs behind the couch. Seb was still majorly confused. Jackson chuckled again and kissed the tip of the his nose, making his cheeks red and eyes wide.

"Mary insists that we skate today. Would you like to join us?"

"No thanks, you should spend time with her. She needs it, you both do. I can get some stuff done around here while you're gone." He didn't know why he said that, or how he managed to talk so smoothly to this stranger, but something about it seemedâ€¦ Familiar.

"Thanks, Hic. You're the best, you know that?"

"Yeah, I do."

Moments later, Mary came bounding back down the steps, ice skates in

hand. Soon enough, they were ready and at the door.

"Be careful.." Seb said automatically, smiling at them as Mary tugged on Jackson's sleeve.

"We will." The other replied, returning the smile and letting his gaze linger just a little longer until giving into Mary's excitement.

Seb blinked awake. It was still dark out, and upon checking the time on his phone, it was exactly 2 am. He fell back onto the bed, not giving the dream much thought. After all, he'd been having that same dream over and over for years.

\* \* \*

><p>Jack sat on the roof, trying to comprehend just what exactly was going on. He understood the tears on Penda's face. He just didn't know if it was reallyâ€| Him. The boy Jack had fallen for all those years ago. The one who he had centered his mortal life around. The one he'd do anything for. His love. Minutes later, Penda joined him up there.<p>

"Hey." She offered weakly, earning only a nod in response. She waited a while, then sighed. "Look, I know it looks like him.."

"But is it?" Jack cut her off. She sighed again.

"I don't know. I just got a letter from Terra. She told us to meet her at the Fort. There wasn't any details, but certain things hinted that she might know what's going on."

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go!" Jack flung himself off the roof, and flipped a couple of times before calling upon the wind to lift him up. Penda rolled her eyes and spread her wings, following after him.

"Wait." The boy yelled over the wind so she could hear him. "We're going to see Terra? CRAP. Ever since she got into all that Roman shit, she calls me by my stupid roman name. Who the frick calls someone Aquilo! I sound like some sort of glorified pen!"

"Deal with it!" Penda shouted back, "You're not the only one who has a terrible Roman nickname."

"Yeah, yeah."

\* \* \*

><p>"Ahh!" Terra opened her arms as Penda and Jack approached. "Aquilo! Indipendenza!" She rushed over and kissed both their cheeks, not noticing the glare Jack pointed in Penda's direction. "Now, come. We have to discuss a few things."<p>

"No shit." Jack murmured under his breath.

They all walked into a room which held only a long dining table and some chairs. Already sitting, was Tooth on one side, then Cupid on the other. Jack sat by Tooth, then Penda and Terra opposite to them.

"Alright." Tooth fidgeted, not liking it very much that she had to sit. "We're all here."

"What the hell is going on?" Jack fumed, wanting answers right then and now.

"We'll tell you," said Terra gently, "But know that we're doing all of this in your benefit." Jack nodded and leaned back. Terra smiled and started her explanation, "Penda's been talking with us about your.. well your 'love life issues.'" Another glare was shot at Penda by Jack, "Well, we were worried. So Cupid, Tooth and I started to come up with a plan. Bring Hiccup back to you. It wasn't fair how it all ended. So we stole Hiccup's time-watch from Chronos."

With help from nature, love, time and memories, we were able to sort of take Hiccup's form from the past, one from just a small moment in time, only leaving a millisecond gap in that time frame, wipe his memory, and replace them with new ones, leaving just a trace for slight recognition."

Jack was stunned. He still didn't fully understand just exactly what they had done, but what he did know was he needed to react. "He's here.. With me.. I can.. We can.." His eyes lit up, and he leaped out of his chair, spinning circles in the air. "He's here!"

"But Jack," Tooth flew up next to him and placed a hand on his shoulder. "In order for this to work, we need to prove to Chronos that your love is worth the time. He offered to help you stay eternal with Hiccup, and forgive all of us for our theft, but you need to convince him it's not a waste. It won't be easy, either."

"Just give Hic his memories from the old days back."

Tooth shook her head. "It doesn't work like that. He needs to remember on his own, otherwise all of that information will over-fill his brain. It would be too much for him. You can't present yourself as a spirit either, who knows what'll happen then."

Jack frowned. "So what do you suggest?"

Everyone but Penda and Jack looked nervously at each other.

"Well," Cupid spoke up first, "We thought.. That maybe if you were Jackson again.."

".. What do you mean?" Jack asked carefully.

Terra sighed. "I have the ability along with Manny and Chronos' help to turn you human again. Only for a certain amount of time, though. The body we give you can only last so long with our abilities."

"Of course." Jack slumped back down in his chair. "This is so freaking cliché."

"I know!" Cupid squealed, "It's the perfect love story!" Everyone stared at her. "Sorry.." She smiled apologetically.

"Ugh." Jack put a hand over his face. "Guess there's just one thing

to say about all this." Everyone focused back on him as he let his hand drop and a smile spread across his face. "Let's be human again."

\* \* \*

><p>If<strong> you guys read my other fanfic, you might notice by the story line of that one and Jack's last comment above, that I am clearly in love with Beauty and the Beast. ANYWAYS. Thank you as always for your lovely support, and questions about Penda WILL BE ANSWERED. I have a plan, don't worry. It will all make sense.<strong></p></p>

\*\*SO. Review even if you have already, and if you haven't, TELL ME IF THIS IS PRETTY ENOUGH. I am also open to suggestions, so PM me if you must~\*\*

\*\*Thank you my lovelies!\*\*

\_~Panda\_

## 7. From My Dreams

\*\*Good Lord, I'm a horrible updater. Please don't hate me ;-;\*\*

\*\*Thank you for the reviews, you have no idea how much I love you all! (On that note, Happy Valentines Day :D Here is my gift to you \_because I love you:\_ )\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Penda returned home with a smile plastered on her face. She landed on the roof carefully, making sure not to wake Se- uh.. Hiccup. It was unbelievable really. That Hiccup could really be here.. Hopefully this plan didn't back fire. The group had asked Penda to go home and prepare everything. To make it look like Jack had been working there a while. Like fixing a room for him, getting him actual clothing other than that worn out hoodie, and stocking up the fridge, (heaven knows how much that kid will eat as a human.)<p></p>

Before she had left, Penda was given the opportunity to watch Jack's transformation. It was absolutely breathtaking. His feet lifted off the ground, eyes closed and face tilted upward. The white drained from his hair and face, almost as if it was melting down his body. Snowy hair faded down to a soft chestnut, pale skin saturated into a slightly more tan, cheeks glowing with a lively pink. As the changes reached his feet, curls of frost drained from his toes and into a small bottle placed on the floor. Jack's eyes shot open, revealing golden brown irises that reflected the light in the room perfectly. The moment the bottle was sealed, Jack collapsed on the ground. Everyone rushed to him at once. Toothiana checked his pulse and smiled. He was alive. The boy had blinked awake minutes later, immediately trying to stand and walk before falling into Penda's arms not two steps later. That's when they had insisted she return home. Terra ensured that Jack would returned home safely as soon as possible.

The rest of Penda's night was spent between home and different stores, furnishing Jack's room and stocking up on food. She flew back over to the fort to get clothing sizes for Jack, then heading to clothing shops where she purchased things she knew for sure he'd like. Man, this kid was going to owe her big time.

It was sunrise by the time Penda had finally finished and was able to rest in the armchair. Not moments after she began to close her eyes, a knock was heard at the door. Groaning, she picked herself up and shuffled towards the entry way. Terra stood with Jack, and together they led him up to his room. "Give him a few hours, and he'll be fine." Terra insisted. She soon left, leaving Jack in Penda's care.

\* \* \*

><p>Jack woke with a bit of a start, having to process everything that had happened. Eventually, he was able to stand up and move around. Finding a mirror attached to the back of his door, he stood and studied himself. His hair style was.. pretty much the same, but instead of bluish white, chocolate swoops erupted in waves across his head. He was no longer pale, and the purplish tint under his eyes from hundreds of years passed had vanished. It made his heart heavy to remember this was what he looked like the day he... Jack shook his head and began to search through the dresser. Penda wasn't too bad at picking out clothes, he thought. He picked out a fashionably faded brown T-shirt, along with a pair of light jeans that had been manufactured to look work out. He looked in the mirror once more, then headed downstairs to find Penda. She was passed out on the couch. arm dangling off the side and mouth gaping. Jack felt bad for waking her up, but mostly because he just barely dodged a punch she threw his way when he tapped her shoulder.<p>

"Oh.. Sorry Jack." She rubbed her eyes, sat up, and yawned.

"You know.." Jack plopped down next to her, "You really don't have to sleep."

Penda looked confused, "Of course I do! How else would I be able to function and put up with all your shit?"

It was Jack's turn to be confused, "I never slept. The only time any of us slept was if Sandy accidentally knocked us out. Or.. If our power was running out."

Penda rolled her eyes. "I'm not like you guys. There are spirits that protect things in children, and there are those of us who represent things for all ages. We've been through this."

".. We have."

"Oh my f- okay," she took a deep breath, "I'm not a Guardian or a neutral spirit, I am a Keeper. The Keeper of freedom. Like Cupid's the Keeper of love. We're the personalization of those things. That's why in our natural form, people can see us. Everybody believes in some kind of freedom. Everybody has at least something they love. Guardians are different, they protect. Keepers just represent. We only take spiritual form when we bring out our traits, like my wings. Our physical form needs more energy, so we need to sleep and eat. Get it?"

Jack nodded. "Got it." Something in his stomach made a sound and he jumped. Penda heard it and rolled her eyes. Speaking of eating...

Jack ate three large doughnuts, five eggs, two biscuits, over half the package of bacon and about ten breakfast sausages. Not that this surprised Penda, but that was a lot of food. Jack had just finished off the last of his bacon, when they hear movement upstairs. They both froze, Jack in mid-bite. His heart was racing and he forgot how to breath for a few seconds. Penda placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed. After a few more minutes of shuffling from upstairs and silence between the two, Penda went to the base of the stair case. "Hey Hic, you up?"

A pause. "Yeah, I'm up."

She smiled. "Alright, cool. Whenever you're ready, come on down stairs. I'll have breakfast for you, and a co-worker you'll have to meet."

"Okay, I'll be down pretty soon.. Thanks!"

Minutes passed, and they felt like hours to Jack. He was about to see Hiccup again. Not from a memory, or a window, but up close. He could hear his voice, see those freckles he didn't know he missed so much. Finally, footsteps could be heard tromping down the stairs. Jack looked at his plate and started eating his eggs mechanically, trying to look natural.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup pulled his favorite green sweatshirt over his head and checked the mirror. His hair had decided to actually cooperate with him today, to his amazement. The thought passed through his mind.. What if this co-worker was a guy..? Or even.. A cute guy? Hiccup shook his head, a blush creeping into his cheeks. No way. He wasn't <em>that <em>lucky. It was probably some old guy, like a gardener or something.

Penda hadn't mentioned a co-worker before.. Hiccup thought he's be the only one working here. He guessed that had been a rather stupid assumption, seeing as though just one person couldn't run a park on their own. Hiccup thumped down the stairs and rounded the corner to the kitchen. Penda greeted him as he walked in.

"Morning Hic!" She gave a bright smile, "I'll start on some food. I don't have too much left, but do pancakes sound okay?"

He returned the smile, "Pancakes sound great actually."

She nodded. Her face seemed nervous for about a millisecond, but the expression was cast away as soon as he had noticed it. "Ah.. Hiccup, this is Jackson." She gestured to the figure sitting at the table. "You two will be working together for a while."

The boy turned and flashed a smile. Hiccup's heart stopped. Every last detail was there. It was the boy from his dream.

\* \* \*

><p>Cupid watched the scene from her "love cam," giving a dreamy sigh. This was all so romantic. Though she knew very well how badly all of this could go. Every scenario played through her head, something she couldn't help as the Keeper of Love. She remembered very clearly just how excited she had been the first time she paired those two up. Oh, she knew how much trouble it would be. How far everything could go. She knew, and she loved it. She loved knowing and not knowing at the same time. Some love could be so predictable, but she was determined to make this love story unique and beautiful, as if it hadn't been to start out with.<p>

Cupid really hoped everything would play out. Even if it didn't, it was one hell of a love story either way.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Dun dun duhhh! Leave a review pretty please, tell me I'm not ruining this as I go XD<br>\*\*

\*\*Once again, Happy Valentines day! (Accept my love!)\*\*

## 8. Memory Infused Dreams

\*\*I KNOW I KNOW I KNOWWWW\*\*

\*\*I warned you, I suck at this! D: Please don't stop reading, I just needed a little motivation (cause yeah life sucks) But you guys are my favorite andIloveyousopleasedon'tleaveme\*\*

\*\*also I live and breath your reviews. THANK YOU ALL (':\*\*

\*\*ALSO. OC warning, but I promise it's my last one and she's there for a very good reason. I'll explain after character development.. Just.. bare with me, okay? Thank you 3\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Jack's heart pounded in his ears, banged against his rib cage and tried to shove itself up his throat all at once. His intestines were playing jump rope while his brain screamed at him to say something. Finally obliging, Jack stood, smiled again and held out his hand.<p>

"Hey. Nice to meet you."

Hiccup's eyes were wide with confusion, as if he was trying to figure out a very hard puzzle. He looked like he wanted to run up to Jack and hug him, but didn't know why. It was kind of a relief, knowing that Hiccup at least was starting to remember. The confusion left his eyes as he realized he still needed to respond. He shook his head and reached out to take the other brunette's hand. The moment their skin touched, it was like an electrical zap. Neither pulled away, but let the contact linger while forest green eyes stared into chocolate brown. Moments past, when Penda cleared her throat. Hiccup jumped away and avoided Jack's eyes.

"S-sorry.." He murmured, rubbing at his arm.

They both sat down at the table and waited in silence as Penda fixed Hiccup's pancakes. Both heads spun, questions raging and confusion stirring one way or another. Soon enough, Hiccup was digging into a mound of pancakes set before him. Jack had become rather interested in a newly discovered hangnail. After too much silence, Penda sighed and grasped each boy by the shoulder,

"Right. Well, work isn't going to do itself around here." She pointed towards the back door, "There's a couple of rakes out there, and a whole bunch of leaves in the picnic area. That should explain itself." She patted their shoulders and headed towards the stairs.

The two boys got up and stood awkwardly for a bit. Jack finally found his cool and shrugged. "Alright, newbie, let's do this." He strode towards the sliding door, only to come in contact with the screen covering the frame, and stumbled backwards. Hiccup rolled his eyes, went to the door and opened it, grabbing one of the rakes leaning against the outside wall. He'd dealt with these kind of guys before. Know it alls. Airheads. Whatever this guy was, his looks were probably the only thing going for him. A negative way of thinking, but he couldn't get his hopes up. The guys at his school were cute too, until they shoved him into a locker and laughed when he actually fit. Hiccup rolled his eyes once more and started towards the picnic hill. Jack followed after, grabbing his own rake and rubbing his nose that had hit the screen.

Hiccup had really bad experiences with people in general. He was a little socially awkward, (maybe a little more than a little), and had never really gotten close with anyone before. He had tried, of course. He'd had a best friend, like any normal person. Riley was her name. They had met sitting outside on the playground about fourth grade, and found out they had been crying for the same reason. With unusual names and differences from everyone else, they decided to be outcasts together. They visited each other often, shared stories of their pasts, as good friends do. Hiccup smiled as memories rushed back. Playing video games in Riley's basement, (getting his butt kicked, frankly), going to the skate park to watch her do tricks (because Hiccup couldn't touch a skateboard without a strong chance of losing another leg), making snowmen in the winter, water gun wars in the summer, reading in her library when it was raining outside..

Tears then pricked at Hiccup's vision at the one memory he didn't want to be reminded of. He pushed it out of his mind before he could think of it, and shook his head as he finally reached the hill. He tried turned to Jackson but avoided eye contact, then cleared his throat,

"I'll get this side with the picnic tables, if that's alright."

Jack just smirked and nodded, heading over to his side. As he raked, he kept sneaking looks over at Hiccup. He just wanted to run up to that lanky brunette, hold onto him and never let go. Though, Jack figured that would be kind of creepy, considering Hiccup didn't have the faintest idea who he was. He would have to be patient. The hardest part was looking at someone with love put forth, only to receive a cold empty glance in return.



><p>Curls of shimmering golden sand drifted through the air, gathering round a huge, majestic diamond place. The large prism walls reflected the fragments, giving the illusion that the castle itself was the mixed colors of gold and the sunset behind it. The soft sparkling yellow along side the deep oranges and reds of the sky gave a calming sensation, causing who ever laid eyes on it to immediately engage into a state of complete relaxation.<p>

Inside, a short plump man with the completion of the swirling sandstorm outside stood, lazily looping his arms as he weaved the dreams into gold. The flecks then traveled from his hands and out the window, leading themselves to individual children as they a while. he turned to a specific pile of sand. On the side of it stood a short golden table. On the surface were three differently shaped transparent bottles; one a heart, another was blue, short and round, and the last one a fragile box. Inside the heart bottle was a red liquid about the consistency of water, in the blue was a crushed white powder, and in the last was what seemed to be silver shavings.

Sandy took the round blue bottle and a handful of sand, sprinkled some of the powder on it, then began to weave the mixture. Once released from his hand, the sand-powder mix spiraled a bit faster out the window than the rest of the curls. It traveled across the blood-colored clouds, then finally below them, crossing out miles and miles until it found the small town of Burgess. It was nightfall there, and most of the lights had already gone out, including the Bennet's.

The formula descended upon the house, slipping under the crack of a particular window. Hiccup slept peacefully, curled up in his blankets, auburn hair only just sweeping over his closed eyelids. Once over him, the sand absorbed the powder, making it glow even brighter than it had been before.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Scenes flashed by in slides. Some were longer than others, some quicker and harder to catch. A freckled hand which Hiccup recognized as his own, interlocked with another slightly paler and definitely not his, (He had finally let him identify him as Jackson). A flash of perfectly white teeth showing from a glowing smile was next, radiating beauty from the same boy from his other dream, running ahead of him and laughing. He saw a large stretch of open field, the little girl he recognized as Jackson's sister from his other dream was whooping and hollering as she ran through the tall grass. Jackson laughed warmly with his arm slung over Hiccup's shoulder, looking over into his eyes with a glaze over his own.<em>

\_Next came a rather embarrassing scene.. At first Hiccup couldn't exactly see what was happening, there was just a few blankets moving about on the bed in a dimly lit room. Then his cheeks grew red as he realized what that probably meant. Sure enough, from under one of the blankets emerged Jackson's full brunette head, gasping for breath as another form moaned beneath him. As soon as Hiccup recognized his own voice, he forced himself to switch scenes.\_

\_He saw an open field (the same he'd been walking through with

Jackson in one of the previous scenarios), with a single gravestone surrounded by flowers. He saw himself, hunched over and sobbing. Hiccup felt a large tug in his heart, having a feeling whose name was on that gravestone. Though.. Why should he be sad? He'd only just met Jackson. Could it possibly be an attachment held over that dream he'd always been having?..\_

\_The background changed one last time. Hiccup saw himself, empty eyed, broken and hollow, staring into nothing. He was slumped on the couch where his old dream had always taken place. Except now, There was no little girl playing on the floor, or a blanket to wrap around his shoulders. No laughter, teasing or warmth. There was no Jackson. He saw himself eye a dagger left on a side table next to the couch. After a long sigh, he slowly began to reach for it..\_

\* \* \*

><p>"NO!" Hiccup screamed as he bolted upright in his bed. Cold sweat stuck his pajamas to his skin.<p>

Not seconds later, there was a knock at his door. He figured it was probably Penda, armed with a baseball bat, ready to face whatever had made him yell. If only she could stop these dumb dreams. He reached for the door knob, but the door opened slightly for him before he could get to it. light from the hallway pooled onto his floor as he reached over to flick on his bedside lamp. A head that was definitely not Penda's popped in.

"Hey, uhh, I heard something.. Loud.. Just wanted to make sure you were alright.."

Hiccups face heated up instantly as Jackson stepped in. All he could think of at the moment was one of the images he's seen.. The other boy's pure skin glossed with sweat, his eyebrows furrowed and mouth hanging open as heâ€|.

Hiccup shook his head and grew an even deeper shade of crimson."I'm fine, J-jackson.." he stared at the floor, gripping the bottom edges of his shirt. "J-just a bad dream.. You can go back to your room.."

Jackson smiled and nodded. Before he walked out, he turned to face Hiccup again."You can just call me Jack.." He rubbed the back of his neck nervously, unsure of what to say. "Uh, sleep well.."

Hiccup could only nod shyly as Jackso.. erm, Jack, left the room. He shut the door, turned out his light, and curled up back under the covers. His head was completely messed up. Why did he keep having dreams about Jack? He was just another prep, or at least that's what Hiccup placed him as. He couldn't trust him even if he tried, so why dwell on it?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>THERE. THERE. MWAHAHA. I'm DONE. There you are, my lovelies. I promise the next one will be up faster than this one was. SOO, please please pleeease leave me a comment, even if you have already! I seriously feed off of your.. well.. feedback XD Tell me if you love it! I don't care if you're bad at reviews, or if you're just shy, I really appreciate thoughts! The more it happens the faster I

update, it's a scientific fact!<strong>

**\*\*I love all of youuu :)\*\***

**\*\*Also some news. I know there are many artists present. If you would like a chance to maybe do a new cover for this story, PM me to submit an entry! I need a new cover, so badly. The one I have up is something I did like a year or two ago.\*\***

## 9. Ride On, Riley

**\*\*A/N: I would beg and plead and apologize repeatedly, but I feel like it's getting redundant .\_. If you're still reading, thank you so much and please enjoy:) This is a pretty special chapter to me, and it's a bit short, but it has a huge point.\*\***

**\*\*WARNING:\*\*\*\* I should actually put a trigger warning on this chapter, it gets pretty depressing and I apologize.\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Life is complicated and strange without companions. When one is alone, it leaves them to spiral into the depths of insanity. To be lonely is to be robbed of life's pure joy. Even if a person prefers confinement in comparison to socialization, there's at least someone they care for, whether it be human or animal. If not, this brings us back to causes of insanity.<p>

The last thing Sebastian anticipated was insanity. It was a fear he had grown to despise as a child, seeing as though he had no way to help it. He tried to talk to the other kids, but eventually he gave up. He was an outcast, and he knew it. Teased and taunted by his own name daily, picked on by how scrawny and weak he was... these only made matters worse. They'd call him 'fishbone' from day one of elementary school.

One day, while sulking in the grass, far enough from the playground, Sebastian heard yelling not far from his spot in the field. He checked around him, until he noticed a girl running towards the school, blonde hair in a messy halo around her face as she sprinted, and a group of other kids chasing her. At first he assumed it was just a stupid game of tag, until he noticed the kids pelting the girl with stones, now near enough for him to hear what they were shouting.

"Hey new kid! Come back, we only wan to play!" laughter from the surrounding children followed.

"Come on, newbie!" called another, "What kind of name is Riley for a girl anyways? unless.." The kid stopped in his tracks and pointed in her direction, halting the whole group, "You're not even a girl!"

A chorus of "EWWWW"s erupted from the group, ending in them chucking the rest of the rocks at the girl then walking away, talking loudly about how gross the new kid was.

Sebastian saw the girl sink to the ground and bury her face in her hands. He shyly got up and walked slowly towards her, then carefully sat by her side. They said nothing for a while, just sitting in

silence between the two. Finally, Sebastian rested his head on his knees, and spoke.

"They make fun of my name, too."

Riley smiled and turned to him. "Can't be that is it?"

".. Sebastian"

"like.. The crab in the Little Mermaid?"

Sebastian scowled and shook his head "No way. That's pronounced, 'seb-a-stian.' Mine is 'Seb-ahs-tee-an'"

Riley snorted. "Big difference."

Sebastian nodded. "Major."

After that day, the two were inseparable. They lived a bike ride away, (for Riley a skate board ride,) from each other, and never took that for granted. Video games, board games, you name it. They'd go to the beach at the lake and build sand castles, and when it snowed it was ice skating and snowmen. Rainy days were spent reading in Riley's library, or hide and seek in Sebastian's ginormous house. Riley even offered to pitch in whenever Sebastian's uncle gave him a list of nasty chores. They knew each other's secrets inside and out.

One particular night in the year of seventh grade, Seb climbed up and into Riley's window, only to find her sobbing on the floor next to her bed. After a lot of coaxing, the brunette was able to get her to tell him what was wrong. It was that moment in which Riley managed words between sobs. "I.. I like.. girls." Seb blinked, totally unsure what to say. He eventually sat down next to her and muttered, "Well at least one of us should."

The rest of middle school was a breeze, but then high school came around. Riley had been brave enough to tell one person (other than Seb), about her sexual preference, and now it was all over the school. She was teased to wits end, things like 'lesbo' and 'fem fag' written in sharpie all over her locker. Even the teachers disliked her due to the fact she wasn't, 'just like everyone else.' Seb saw it killing her everyday, no matter how much he tried to cheer her up. One day, after a rather long day of school, Seb decided to try out one more form of comfort. He stuffed a carton of ice cream (hopefully it wouldn't melt on the way), a few different types of chocolate bars, and a stack of chick flicks from the movie rental side of his uncles shop into his backpack, and made his way towards Riley's. From about a block away, he saw flashing lights. Time slowed around him, all he could hear was muffled sirens, and the beating of his own heart pounding in his ears. He reached Riley's yard and jumped off his bike, just in time to see a team of police men rolling a cot into the ambulance. He ran towards the truck, only to see locks of familiar blonde hair spilling over the side of the cot before the doors shut, and it began to drive away.

She had left a note for him. Seb didn't have the urge to read it. The police took it for a while, then gave it back to him and asked if he wanted them to read it to him. He said no thank you, and pocketed the note, with no intention of ever gazing upon those words.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Okay so explanation time. \*\*

\*\*Riley does have a major part in this story, and has a huge contribution to the plot, but that's not all.\*\*

\*\*This past year at my school, a boy at my school committed suicide. It wasn't due to sexual orientation or anything, but there had been rumors of bullying. There's another main reason though, which is not really my story to tell. \*\*

\*\*Anyways, I knew him. We weren't exactly friends per say, but he was in this class with me called 'living leadership,' where we're encouraged to display feelings and opinions to a couple of upper class men. That boy was in my class. He had such a good heart, and an awesome way of looking at the world, and the most fabulous blonde hair I have ever seen. I miss having him around, and this chapter is kind of a tribute to him. He loved to skateboard, and that was a huge part of his life. So if you would, send good vibes towards his family and friends, they've been so strong through it all.\*\*

\*\*Ride on, Riley.\*\*

## 10. Hair Gel and Helmets

\*\*I'm so sorry for the wait! Thank you to those sticking with me, the support is great!\*\*

\*\*this chapter is kind of cruddy.. Next one will be better I promise, hang in there guys..\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Various rhythms of constant ticking resounded about a dimly lit, cluttered room. You might be able to tell the monotone color of the walls if you moved aside one of thousands of clocks, all strung up and cramped together. Tables and shelves were shoved into the corners, piled high with assortments of stop watches, regular watches, digital clocks and hour glasses. Pendulums swung, and the 'tick-tocks' of the machines went off on there own beat, none following just one. The sound was enough to drive anyone mad in a matter of hours.<p>

A tall, sharp looking red couch sat amidst the ticking room, in which a equally sharp looking man sat with a remote at his side. He stared up at the clock-shaped flat screen mounted on the crowded wall. His face was a difficult sight to define, old yet young all at once. His grey hair streaked with white, and wrinkles were obvious signs of age, yet he moved with grace and confidence, much more like a powerful young man than an old Keeper. Dull, cold eyes watched as the image of a particular spirit took up the screen, powers slowly draining into a vial on the floor. Chronos chuckled.

"Oh, Jack my boy." He shook his head slowly and used the remote to zoom into the winter sprite's face and pause the scene. "So careless. So driven. Why would you even think for minute that I would help you, after your friends had the nerve to steal from me? Oh, you stupid child. All of you, so very stupid."

\* \* \*

><p>Jack was ever so grateful Penda gave him the room with the small deck outside his large window. This gave him enough to climb up onto the roof. It was pretty dang hard not to jump off buildings anymore, and it was quite a bummer whenever he reminded himself he couldn't fly.<p>

A frustrated groan escaped Jack's lips. How was he supposed to get Hiccup to like him (again)? Last time.. well last time he was 99.9% sure it was an accident..

"AUUGHHH!" Jackson yelled, desperately clinging onto the ice-blue Deadly Nadder practically doing somersaults in the sky. "ELSA, YOU LIZARD! STOP!" He screamed in the dragon's ear. In response, she bucked full force, sending Jack spiraling towards the water. He reached out for anything to grab onto, but there was nothing.

'Oh Gods..' He thought frantically, 'I'm gonna die..'

Just then he felt something snatch the back of his gear and pull him up and onto what he could only assume to be another dragon. He clung to the rider, taking in shallow, quick breaths.

"Oh Gods... Thank you.." He muttered weakly.

"No problem." Jack froze. "Just.. ah.." The voice chuckled, "Try not to upset your dragon too much next time. They don't take well to demands." Jack blinked several times before gathering up the nerve to look at the rider. Yep, just as he expected. He was holding on, very tightly, to none other than Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III himself. Well this was embarrassing.

After they landed, Jack helped Hiccup take of his Night Fury's riding gear, gulping a little when the dragon growled at him. "Don't worry about him." Hiccup placed a hand on the dragon's nose. "He's just over protective. Right, bud?" Toothless' mood changed immediately, tongue lolling out of his mouth and eyes lifted from a glare to playful and open. He pounced forward, pinning Jackson to the ground and licking at his face.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled, a hint of laughter in his voice. He eventually pushed the dragon off of the other boy.

"Ugh.." Jackson stood and tried his best to wipe all the dragon saliva from his face. "Does.. Does this wash out?"

"Nope." Stated hiccup, trying to hide his shaking laughter. "Sorry, Overland."

Jack hid his surprise that Hiccup actually knew his name, and glared, a smile playing at his lips. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

The other teen shook his head. "Nope, not at all. This is all completely serious, and absolutely not funny in the slightest."

"Are you always this sarcastic?"

"Are you always going to be an easy target?"

Jack blinked and resurfaced from the depths of his mind when he felt a cold blast of air hit his body. He sat up and looked around, eyes landing on the cause of it. A short, seemingly young boy with styled blonde hair and bright blue eyes now sat not too far from Jack.

"Dash?" The brunette asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Um, duh." The boy smirked, "You know how weird it is, not having you boss me around all the time?"

Jack rolled his eyes, "I do not boss you around."

"Bull." Dash snorted. "It's always 'wind do this,' 'wind go that way,' 'wind take me here.' Do I ever get a please?"

"Alright, please shut your mouth."

"Ouch, Frost. That cut me deep, bro."

"Right." Jack chuckled and shook his head. "Why are you here, anyways?"

"Weeeelllll," Dash was at his side in a millisecond, "Word travels fast. I heard you were having some trouble with the ladayyys.. Well in your case a dude, but how different can it be."

Jack snorted. "What experience do you have? You're like ten."

"I am TECHNICALLY older than you, so shush."

"Alright, alright." Jack rolled his eyes again. "What do you got?"

Dash rubbed his hands together much like a mad scientist. Or a fly. "Thought you'd never ask."

\* \* \*

><p>"Penda, you totally don't have to.. I mean, this is sweet and all, but is it.. you know, necessary?"<p>

"Completely!" The girl beamed at she strung up orange and black streamers throughout the large room. "Come on, Hic! No one's been recruited here for a long, long time. This requires a celebration!" She threw her arms out and almost lost balance on the ladder, "Plus, my parties are killer. People always try to make excuses for me to throw one, so it'll make everyone else happy. AND you're new in town. Might help you make some new friends, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess.." Mumbled Hiccup as he handed Penda a string of lights.

"Besides, I wasn't going to throw a Halloween Party this year, it was offending some... Friends of mine. Everyone was pretty bummed about it, but hey! If I make your party an \_October themed costume party, \_everybody wins! Don't worry about it." The ravenette climbed down and ruffled his hair, "You don't even have to stay the full time. If you do.." She shrugged, "You could always hang out with

Jack."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, "What are you implying?"

Penda shrugged again, this time with a smirk, "Implying? I wasn't implying anything."

The freckled teen was about to release one of his famous sarcastic remarks, when Jack burst through the front door. Instead, Hiccup clamped his mouth shut and looked away.

"Wow Pends, looks great in here." Jack plopped himself on the couch, sneaking peeks of Hiccup out of the corner of his eye.

"You know, it would probably look a lot better if more than two people were doing all of it."

"You're probably right. Want me to call Bunny?"

Penda shot a glare in his direction and sighed. "Actually, we're almost done here. All I have to do is set out the food and drinks. Why don't you two head upstairs and get ready." The boys were already half way up the stairs, when Penda called Jack's name.

"Whaat?" He groaned.

"There's only two bathrooms up there, and I'm gonna let Hic have the upstairs one to get ready. Use mine and take a shower."

Jack wrinkled his nose. "Why do I need a shower?"

"Well Jack, when humans do work in the hot sun, they get all gross and sweaty. You're all gross and sweaty."

\* \* \*

><p>Jack shivered as the steaming water hit his cool skin. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't nervous. He picked up a bottle of.. Shampoo? Ohh, right. Jack blushed deeply. He hadn't really used any products to clean himself, there wasn't any reason for it. However, he had gained some... knowledge over the years on how people wash in the shower. He shamefully flicked open the bottle, poured some of the goop into his hand, and ran it through his hair.<p>

Shortly, Jack was stepping out of the shower and grabbing the towel he had set out on the sink counter to dry off. As he got to drying off the auburn swoops on his head, he started to worry. What if Dash's plan didn't work? now that he thought about it, it did sound pretty ridiculous. What other choice did he have, though? He had no knowledge of romance, he's always been terrible at it. Why Hiccup had chose to stay with him as long as he did, Jack had no idea. So, he had to go with the plan. He needed Hiccup back.

After a few minutes of digging through the drawers of his dresser, Jack slumped to the ground and sighed. He had absolutely no idea what to wear for a costume party. Just then, a knock was heard outside the door. The teen pushed himself up off the floorboards and went to answer it. Before he could turn the knob, Penda burst through, grabbed his arm, and sat him down on the bed.



Blowing a piece of hair from her face, she sighed and crossed her arms. "You have no idea what to wear, do you?"

Jack blinked and shook his head. Penda sighed a second time, "You're SO lucky I'm here," she grumbled. It took her less than a minute to shuffle through Jack's closet and dresser, pick a few things out, and throw them at his face. "Put that on and hurry up, then come into my room so I can do your hair. People are already on their way, and I want you and Hiccup to be there to greet them."

She left, and Jack began to get dressed. He walked over to the mirror hung up behind his door, and raised an eyebrow. Jeans, plain white t-shirt... Leather jacket? It was his turn to sigh as he recalled Pena's obsession with a certain musical. He shook his head and made his way to Penda's room.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup toyed with the hem of his shirt, feeling slightly ridiculous in the costume Penda had gotten him. He had made the mistake of mentioning his viking heritage, and now he was dressed in a raggedy green shirt, a fur vest and boots, and a viking helmet that kept falling in front of his eyes. Where did she even keep all this stuff?<p>

Feet shuffled and clunked down the stairs, causing Hiccup to turn his head, expecting to see Penda beaming and proudly showing off her outfit. Instead, Hiccup had to keep his jaw from dropping. Jack bounded down the staircase in a pair of (probably borrowed from Penda), combat boots, and dressed head to toe in a total bad-boy outfit, complete with perfectly slicked back hair and unnameable amounts of gel. He looked... Hot. NO. Scratch that,

Hiccup clenched his cup of red punch, praying to every God he could think of that it hadn't been spiked by some dumb teenager.

It had taken a while to greet everyone, and people pinching his cheek, pulling his helmet down over his eyes and telling him how "absolutely adorable" he was, only made it seem longer. After most of the invited guests (and some not so invited), had arrived, Hiccup had scurried off to the quietest corner he could find. Fortunately enough (even though the "Welcome, Hiccup!" was strung up on a banner right under the "Happy Holidays!"), no one bothered him very much other than a few nods and smiles. Eventually he managed to strike up a conversation with a boy in a.. was it a gnome costume? He couldn't really tell, the hat looked like a santa hat with the white trim cut off, but Hiccup wasn't about to start critiquing costumes, considering the lameness of his own.

He glanced (admittedly not the first time), at Jack, starting to notice he was inching closer and closer to where Hiccup was standing. He pretended not to notice and averted his eyes, taking small sips from the cup of fruit punch. Eventually, he felt Jack's presence at a very close range. He sighed, and put on a blank face, turning to look at the boy.

"May I help you..? Cause personal space is kind of a thing and-" He stopped mid-sentence, noticing the mischievous expression Jack's angled face held. Oh god, did he know he was gay? Was he mocking him? "Urrrâ€| Are you.. making fun of me?"

Jack's eyebrows raised and a sly smile played at his lips, "Nice costume. You know what would look way better on you? Me."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. 'Thor almighty, don't do this to me' he thought, "Jack, what the hell."

"You better have a licence for driving me this crazy.."

Hiccup didn't respond, he held his tongue and looked away. Replaying sarcastically would only encourage him.

"Your room or mine?"

This guys was no different than the rest. It made Hiccup sick. "Both, you go to yours I'll go to mine." ...Well.

Jack looked slightly shocked, but recovered quickly, though Hiccup could tell he was reconsidering his actions, but only slightly. "Aww don't be a downer. Did you ever realize screw rhymes with me and you?"

It was too much. Even if he wasn't mocking him, this wasn't what he needed right now. "Look. This ridiculous and stupid and insulting. I'm not an object you can mess with, okay? You obviously don't know how to act around people, so crawl back into what ever perverted hole you came from, and leave me alone." Hiccup slammed his cup on the table and stomped over to Penda. "I'm going to bed." He said irritably, and hurried his way up the stairs, leaving a very confused Penda, glancing over at a crestfallen Jackson near the punch bowl.

End  
file.